

-----  
Title: To Chase the Wind, Part One

Author: Alayla Moi N'Tan  
-----

Alayla points to a  
rocky formation  
resembling a horse in  
the distance saying,  
"Have you ever  
wondered how Equine  
Hill got its name? Or  
how it came to be?

"Have you ever sat  
on it's craggy surface  
and listened to the  
wind cry and moan  
through it's cracks  
and crevices?

"Well, gather round  
my friends, and let  
me tell you the story  
of "To Chase the Wind"  
as it was handed down  
to me."

Alayla looks  
thoughtfully at  
Equine Rock one more  
time, glowing red with  
the setting sun.....

The last light of day  
shining through what  
appears to be an eye,  
giving the rock  
formation a semblance  
of life, before closing  
her eye's and speaking  
softly, begins to  
spin a tale of  
mystery, and  
romance. As with  
any story of legend or  
lore, this one too takes  
place a long time ago,  
back when the Gods  
visited our land a little  
more often, back  
when our innocence  
was still new.....

Born in the spring to  
very proud parents, a  
little colt with long  
spindly legs stood for

his first time. His  
parents, proud of  
what their love had  
brought forth into this  
world, knew right  
away that there was  
something special  
about their son.

His legs were long  
and strong, his mane  
flowing behind his  
back as if he were  
already "chasing the  
wind" which was the  
reference used to  
describe the fastest of  
the herd.

His eyes twinkled  
with intelligence, and  
his voice, though tiny,  
was filled with the  
wonder of the world  
around him, and his  
coat shown with the  
gold of the sun.

They named him  
"Windchaser" and  
raised him in the  
shadow of their love,  
nurturing him to  
manhood.

"Windchaser" found  
at an early age that he  
could indeed run with  
the best of the herd,  
and as he grew, all  
came to know and  
respect him. The  
filly's in the herd all  
sought to win his  
heart, but all  
Windchaser cared for  
was the feel of the  
wind in his mane, and  
the sound of his  
hooves flying over the  
surface of Britannia.

One day while  
resting under the  
shade of a tree, his  
sides heaving gently  
from the day's run,  
Windchaser, speaking  
out loud to himself,  
wondered on what it  
would be like to  
actually catch the  
wind.

"I can feel the wind touch me," thought Windchaser out loud, "why could I not one day touch her?"

Knowing the folly of his words, Windchaser laughed quietly to himself, "imagine me, daydreaming of elementals, what would any of them ever see in me?"

The wind, hearing Windchaser's words, was instantly attracted to the beautiful stallion who bore her name, and began to talk to him softly. Using the leaves of the tree beneath which he rested, Wind sang to him in melodic sounds, and Windchaser fell in love immediately.

Over the course of the next few weeks, Windchaser could be seen running across Britannia, his heart beating within his broad chest, his lungs heaving, trying desperately to keep up with the wind.

Occasionally wind would slow down to give Windchaser a gentle push from behind, or to brush his mane from his deep set eyes, touching him in the only way she could.

At night she would sing him to sleep, blowing through the tall grasses, rustling gently through the leaves of the trees, caressing him with warm southerly winds.

(continued)